

BURTEN Publications

# Follies

25¢



FALL TIME NUMBER 1924



## *Elena Meade*

Some say that Figures Never Lie. But oh, boy! There's no miscalculation in this form.

(Photo by De Mirjian)

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*Fall Time Number*

# *An Autumn Chest-Nut!!*



"THE PEOPLE BE TICKLED"



## THE HOUSE FOLLIES BUILT

**T**HIS is the Falltime Number;  
This is the Staff, who  
Turned on the laugh—  
And the ginks and the blokes—  
Who grind out the jokes,  
That made the Falltime Number.

The Editor, who travels,  
And the Artists, who travails—  
The quips and the quirks,  
And the whole darn works—  
Who neither snooze nor slumber—  
That turn out the Falltime Number.

Contributors to Falltime Number: Jo. Burten,  
Dan Baker, Florence Pennoyer, Leo Marken,  
John Hanlon, J. Robinson, Lee Jones, Wayne  
Sabbath. Art: R. Caranahan, Phil Love, C.  
Mattingly.





FROM TEMPLE  
BELLES AND  
ALMOND WINE  
IN COBI DESERT  
TO HOME.

# BURTEN

THAT'S ME ALL  
OVER, FOLKS,  
AND INCLUDES  
YOU, TOO,  
MABEL.

## AT A PLACE WEST OF SUEZ



O I'M SKIPPING back to the only real country that is left! They can keep those BURMA dames in hock. They can't kiss as pretty as some of the little ladies I left behind. And how well I know it—'specially one in 'Frisco. That's what I call a warm Mamma; and that's not Hot Tamales, either!

FOR A KOPECK, they can keep the ladies in Constantinople who accost the stranger with "*Pek Cuzeh Effendi*." That apple-sauce like Turkish tobacco. Both bite the tongue. Originates in Harem country and means a whole lot of nice things. if the female of *spices* is nice and soft and pliable. But folks, I'm tired of foreign rouge. I'd like to weep on the neck of the first flapper who could say in old AMERICAN slang: "*Say Kid, where do ya get off with if ya think this neckin' party means I'm a cushion!*" And then gives me a smart slap for good measure—a love tap to illustrate she's just home folks!

ONLY THEN you'll know why I can hardly wait till this crawlin' ship docks. Then I'll know I'm back from the land of the dogs. Speakin' of canines, you just oughta see 'em back in Constantinople, where yours truly tarried a wee while.

### Gilded Towers and Painted Ladies

FABLED CITY of gilded minarets and towering white buildings, page like the hours of the Moselem's Paradise. To me it always will be a mental daze of rotten booze, many dogs, and "pale priestesses of humanity." If you know what I mean—that

used to play our "red light" districts in the old days.

FROM ONE DAUGHTER of Osmanli I learned her woe. "*Zee harem had to be closed by the master,*" she told me. "*He couldn't afford to keep his many women in fine silks on account of poverty of the war. Besides, I was glad to leave the harem and enjoy my liberty!*"

MOTHER OF ANGELS, can you imagine such liberty! Now you know why I tickled pink elephants to leave and hurry back to the country where harems only bloom in Fairy Books.

### Eunuchs on the Bum

'NUTHER FUNNY thing about the Golden Paradise of the East. That is the beggars and a few of the Eunuchs of the Imperial Harem. In 1908 the sale of Eunuchs was prohibited by law. Today there are 300 survivors of this one-time guardian of women's virtue.

TALK ABOUT trade, the Eunuchs had it back in them calendar days. Imagine, if you can, rolled hose beauties, how they were feared. To listen to all the "bull" of ye fair Turkish masseurs and the secrets of the State and . . . Yet now they're waitin' for Allah to carry them home!

SO I TOASTED a beaker of the good old stuff with an American acquaintance I met in Pera—to the land of the Eagle, to Lady Liberty, where soon we'll return . . . with its corn-fed hogs of Kansas and its swampy roads of Louisiana . . . to our country, right, wrong—and Prohibition, as is.



Drawing by Cap'n Joey of himself—of how he'll look when he comes home, unless he gets a shave, haircut and a new pair of pants.

Jo. Burtten



## AN ESSAY ON THE CALVE'S WHISPER

**L**EGS ARE all shapes and sizes. Didn't some Guy once write a book called "Forty Thousand Legs Under the Sea"? It was of diving for herring-bones near Arverne.

WHEN a fellow wins a yacht race he gets a leg on the trophy. When he gets three legs on it he can carry it to Uncle. Bu if you ever tried to get three legs on anything all at once you know it's no cinch.

LADIES used to have "limbs" instead of legs. They were covered with seventeen petticoats and talked in whispers. Then came the Battles of Paris. Patriotic women took off their clothes so they could be made into flags, ammunition and poison gas, to make the Kaiser holler, "Kamerad!" There wasn't much to do with combinations, so a lot of women kept on wearing them.

ANYWAY, Calves came right into the open air. The most respectable women were found to own them. My, my, how the older generation was scandalized. Then we got a few years of free burlesque.

AFTER that the cloth manufacturers bribed the fashion kings at Paris to say that anybody who wore a short skirt was frowzy-looking. Then legs went out of style, to be seen only at bedtime.

THE SKIRTS knew, though, that Bulls are interested in Calves. You know, the nice round place, just above the ankle. Well, the girls soon learned how to hitch their skirts up gracefully. My, how their legs itch and their stockings get rumpled and their garters slip when some desirable young man is around!

IT WASN'T only during and just after the War that we boys knew all about legs.

SHE wondered how she could attract the Modern Male. She knew Girls used to just cross their Knees, and almost Show them. But today they are no Novelty; neither is the Back, nor the Bust; so she *Dropped Her Skirt to the Ground*, and just let the Tip of her Toe Show.

*The Window Dresser in the Store Front—He hugged her with her Corsets Off.*

## A ROMAN PUNCH

**'T** WAS CIDER-TIME in Egypt. They had just buried King Tut and were celebrating with the GOLDEN BEETLE BOURBON RYE, straight from the corn field of ol' Kentuck'. In that Kingdom, where the loveliest woman of the land reigned as Kween, there Julius Caesar and the great-est E. Z. Mark of history, Antony, stood drinking SHNAPPS to each other.

Of course the two were talking of women. "Julius," said Mark, "let me have that drug-store Brunette. Y'know, she likes my petting O-Kay."

"Let's ast her," said Julius.

Evening found the two at the feet of the beauty, fawning and sobbing. They kissed the hem of her dazzling clothes—the little she wore of them.

Kweenly Cleo, good ol' kid that she was, arose from her 10-carat throne, and gave her one-piece suit a shake.

"It's Jake with me, fellers, but what y' gotta gimme?"

"My love, my life," pleaded the guy who originated the Caesarian operation.

"My world, even my Second Lieutenant's sword," the Original Mark said, as his earful.

Slowly she raised her sceptre and softly patted the head of Antony. Thus did Mark Antony win the great Kween.

Envious, overcome, Julius turned away.

"Women are all alike," he sobbed between drinks of Hard Cider. "Now I'll have to go back to my wife."

JACK DEMPSEY strolled into Tait's Coffee House, out on the Coast, the other day and left his umbrella in the rack, but pinned a little card to it, which read: "*This umbrella in the stand belongs to the Champion Heavyweight of the world. He is coming back.*" When Dempsey finished his meal and came out he found his little card gone and this one in its place: "*Umbrella is now in possession of Champion Marathon Runner of the world. He is NOT coming back.*"

*If kissing goes by Flavor, then we know some Girls whose lovely Lips touch Alcohol.*

OVERHEARD IN A MADHOUSE

GEE, but I am glad that I met you.  
Now that I have met you  
I like you—  
Now that I like you,  
I am going to get you!  
Now that I have got you—  
Gee! but I am glad that I met you.

ROLL THAT ALONG WITH YOUR CIGARET

A charming young Thing named Eliza,  
Married for his wealth a Miser.  
But all that she Got  
Were Twins in a Cot—  
Her friends thought Eliza was Wiser.

Some Hubbies forbid their Wives to smoke at home, while others won't let them smoke when they're out.

MOTHER OF CHORINES, WHAT A SUCKER!!

STATE OF YOUNITED.

MY DEAR HANS:

I TAKE up mine ink and pen and rite you mit a lead-pencil. Ve do not liff vere ve liffed before. Ve liff vere ve moved. I am sorry since ve are separated together und vish ve ver close apart.

MINE dear Aunt Katrinka is dead. Her breath all leaked out. She leaves a family of two poys and two cows. Dey found 2,000 dollars sewed in her bustle. Dot vas a lot of moneys to leaf behind. Her sister is having de mumps and is having a swell time. She is near death's door, and de doctors tink dey can pull her tru.

IT IS vinter time now and de chickens lay eggs, und de cat lays by de radiator. De house was cold de udder day. I called up de janitor and made it hot for him.

I AM sending your overcoat by eggsspress. To safe charges I cut off der buttons. I can tink of nuddings more to write. Hope dis finds you de same.

Your cussin,

FRITZ.

P.X.: I haf just received de fife dollars vot I owe you, but haf sealed de letter and cannot get it in.

PAPA LOVED MAMMA,  
MAMMA LOVED MEN;  
MAMMA'S IN THE GRAVEYARD,  
PAPA'S IN THE 'PEN'.

THIS MONTH'S FOOLISH TALE

"If this is seeing Life," said the baby when it first first opened its ees, "then I'm Sick of It already."

IT'S THE CREPE HANGERS' BANQUET

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to the gang hath said:  
"Hot diggy dog", or "Hyully Gee,  
Did you birds LAMP that Dimpled Knee?"

THE FALL WIND PLAYS A SYMPHONY WITH HER SKIRTS



WITH A LOOK IN HER EYES LIKE THIS—SAY, CUSTOMERS, WHAT IS SHE THINKING OF?  
WE ASK YOU.



□ BETTY DEPASCU—in "Innocent Eyes"  
—on Tour

### WEeping WILLOWS Weep ON

SHE TRIED to make him a Cissy, but When She asked him to Wear her flimsy Step-ins he Decided it was Time to STEP out.

THE LAST Baby had Red Hair and bore a remarkable RESEMBLANCE to Red—the Milk-man.

HE THOUGHT he married an Affinity, but after the first week, he figured she was NOTHING but a Fignon Addie.

SHE WAS a darn good Cook. Outside of that, she WAS an Ice-box.

HE WAS a good-natured old Gink, but a bum Soldier.

HE WAS one of those wise Guys who believe that God helps him who helps himself, but when his wife caught him in the maid's room at 3 o'clock in the morning, his Sleep-walker's PLEA didn't amount to a quart of ginger-ale.

ACCORDING to his wife's Testimony, he was a darn good Democrat until he started to drink Cocko-lickovitchies Moonshine. From then on no woman was SAFE in his presence.

HE WAS one of those conservative fellows, who take a delight in doing business with an old established firm. They CAUGHT him in the Basement with Bridget—the washer-woman.

### THINGS EVERYONE OUGHT TO KNOW

TO KEEP furniture from cracking—have no heavyweight callers.

The best kind of cards for calling—four aces.  
An excellent thing for luncheon is an appetite.  
To keep eggs—lay them in a cool place.

*Love Is a Tie that Binds; Matrimony Scraps them together.*

*Bachelors are the BOOTLEGGERS OF LOVE.*

FOLLYITIS—The medicinal name for Laughing Disease.

WISE STYLISTS SAY: A Pretty Leg is Even Prettier in a Dark Stocking than in a Nude one.

FOLLIES' Latest Song Hit: "In the AUTUMN, when the Levy's Begin to Fail."



# PUT AND TAKES



**Motorist:** "Have you any lubricating oil?"

**Garage Man:** "No."

"Well, any oil will do—castor oil?"

"No; but if you'll wait half a jiffy, I'll fix you up with a dose of salts."

## FAST TRAIN THROUGH ARKANSAS

"Is this a fast train?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; would you mind my getting out and seeing what it is fast to?"

WHEN  
AN  
OLD  
MAN  
MARRIES  
A  
YOUNG  
GIRL  
LOVE  
WALKS  
ON  
CRUTCHES

## SNORE SWEETLY, GENTLE DRUMMER

A TRAVELING Salesman from a Chicago house put up for the night at a hotel where the supposed bedrooms were just cells with thin partitions that reached only half way to the ceiling. For hours he lay awake and listened to the finest demonstration of snoring it had ever been his unhappy lot to hear. There was no regularity about it—it was full of strange and weird variations and cadences. Sometimes it seemed as though strangulation was imminent. Very suddenly it stopped and there was a deathly silence. From way down the long line of rooms came a weary voice: "Thank God! he's dead!"

## IT'S THE PEACOCK'S STREET

"IT'S GOING to be an early Winter and a hard one," says Susie Silks, old-timer and weather-sharp of Greenwich Village. Susie ought to know the signs, and she says they all point to it. Susie's keen eyes are observing, when it comes to ways of nature and nature's children. "The Blackbirds are flocking together earlier, the Deer in the Village have come down from Hackensack Swamps, Ducks are flying South, and the Dogs are Howling nights."

## PUT HIM WHERE HE AIN'T

AN OLD couple had saved all their lives' and with the money bought a beautifully furnished house. One day the old lady missed her husband, and called out to him: "Where are you, John?" "In the drawing room, lying down." "Not on the couch, I hope!" screeched the horrified woman. "No, on the floor." "Not on that new carpet!" came in tones of anguish. "No, I've rolled it up!"

What's the shortest evening-time story ever told?

"No!"



◀ A NICE FIT

IN A WESTERN State the wife of one of the leading men of politics remarked to a friend, following the dinner: "Well, I am quite tired. My dress is tight, my slippers are tight, and my husband is tight, so I shall toddle home."

*Social Reform Worker*: "Why is it so many married men fall for wicked sirens?"

*Man About Town*: "True! The stuff is the same, only the sirens strut it a little different."

"Im through with that fellow Johnston for good."

"You don't tell me. Why?"

"Yesterday, while we were passing his house, he asked me if I'd like to come down in his cellar and have a look at his new furnace?"

"And then——?"

It was a new furnace!"

*First Crib Player*:  
"When I read of Peggy Joyce Hopkins and her husbands it makes me thing of cribbage!"

*Second Player*:  
"How's that?"

*First Player*: "Oh, peg one, peg two, etc."



◀ A JOKE FAN

"What is little Willie crying about?" asked the anxious mother.

"About nothing, mum," answered the callous nurse. "He hit his head against the piano, but he can't be hurt, because he fell on the soft pedal."

### THIS MONTH'S WHISTLE'S TOOT

SENOIR HASKELL CHANNING, who has written several clever quips in ye colyums of "FOLLIES", wrote Miss Celestine Vichy, the clever sports lady. Squire Channing has his Kidding Mittens on, all right, as he says he's going to call Miss Vichy "Seltzer" because she makes his blood fizz.

NOW, THAT the World War is long over, let us tell you what a young man wrote to one of the local Draft Boards, when he had been requested to enter the army: "I do not feel I ought to leave my wife while there are so many single men left at home in this district."

*Jazz Band Leader*: "So you want the job as trap drummer, eh? What experience have you had?"

*Applicant*: "Well, once I worked as a boiler-maker's apprentice, and I also slung hash in a 'quick-and-dirty'."

### CODFISHY SMELLS

(Overheard at Mackinac fishing resort)

*Old Fisherman* (to young fisherman, who had just landed a 30-pound lake trout, which is being exhibited in a glass case): "So that is the wonderful fish you say you caught?"

*Young Fisherman* (modestly): "Oh, no, sir, that's not the fish—that is only the BAIT!"

### "PASSING SHOW" CHIRPS IT TO MARS

ONE OF THOSE little Mammias, who form the chorus line in the new "PASSING SHOW", went into a shoe-store and engaged a clerk in conversation. She wanted a certain kind of footwear, and nothing less would do. The clerk told her to return the next day.

"I was here yesterday, you may remember," she told him when she returned.

"Yes, yes," the clerk answered. "I remember—the short Vamp." He started for a case. The Broadway Mamma was indignant.

"I am not," she protested vigorously, "so very short, and I certainly am not a Vamp!"

OH, DOCTOR, GIVE ME AN APPLE  
TONIC

OUT IN DES MOINES, a well-known attorney recently came to breakfast, as usual. His lady-of-dreams said to him: "George, do you know what today is?"

"Why, Tuesday," he replied, as he tackled the bacon.

"Don't you remember, dear, it is the fourth anniversary of our wedding?" she cooed.

That afternoon the lawyer thought he would tease his darling. Instead of going in by the front door he hopped round to the back, and peeped through. Horrors! He saw his wife sitting on the knee of one of the town saw-bones.

Unlike most lawyers, this one was no fool. He went to the grocery and ordered a barrel of apples to be sent to his house immediately. Two hours later he returned to receive an affectionate greeting.

"But," she asked, "why on earth did you send me all those apples?"

"You silly girl," he answered. "Why, don't you know that an Apple a Day Keeps the DOCTOR Away."

TAKE EPSOM SALTS in your BATH with that!

CHICKEN TIME

It takes 20 years for a mother to make a man of her son.

The son takes 20 minutes to pick a chicken.

Any chicken can PICK a man clean in 20 seconds!



THE FINISH

LOOKEE! THE ATLANTIC CITY BEAUTY CONTEST  
—NOT ON THE PROGRAM



THE LADY WHO "FIGGERED" IN THE BALLET

ALL OF US know of a girl in our home-town, with beauty, charm—the right age.

Us home-folks had no doubt she'd win renown should she answer the call of the stage.

'Twas grand to hear that girl Recite, and she could Dance and Sing;

Her "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," our hearts would often wring.

Some tragic things she did quite well, her gestures sure were fine;

We'd watched her, and each one tell, in Shakespeare she would shine.

We knew she'd write her name on high, put stage stars on the run,

And actors long in public eye.

A WOMAN bought one of the new fall Dresses, With the back-to-front effect. She went to a dance, And there met an acquaintance— A short-sighted fellow— Who shook hands With her shoulder-blade.

HE BORED HER to tears. Called every evening and stayed. She couldn't think of a way to get rid of him, until she had a bright idea, and married him. She's never bothered with him during an evening now.

## SOMNILOQUIST

IN DAVENPORT, Iowa, a man who was wondering where the monthly rent would come from, read: "*Your Uncle has died in Hungary. We are informing you that he has left twenty thousand dollars and six goats.*" He pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming. "*Pinch my Leg again, and out of the bed you go!*" came his wife's angry voice.

MOTHER, we've got the Flapper Rash.

A BROADWAY ACTOR met a winsome miss the other day. She invited him to the house the following evening. He attempted to teach her to dance. As to dancing, this actor was 14 karat. He could dance on a dime and leave a nickel change. He could! They turned on the Victrola and were halfway through the first jazz trot when her father entered, caught him by the back of the neck and kicked him into the street. He picked himself up and ran to the nearby telephone booth. "*Helen,*" he told the girl, "*what was the grand idea of your dad kicking me out? You invited me into the house.*" To which she replied: "*Well, Jack, you see, Father is deaf and he didn't hear the music!*"

Now, PLAY THAT ON YOUR FLUTE.

Abey was arrested the other day. When taken to prison, he was told to strip and take a bath.

"*Vat! .Go in de water?*" he asked.

"*Yes, take a bath. You need it. How long is it since you had a bath?*"

With his hands lifted upward, Abey answered: "*I never vas arrested before.*"



Whose Funny Story Are You When You Lose Something?

## IT HAD TO BE SEEN

NEAR IOWA CITY one of the students at the University was driving in the direction of Des Moines. At midnight it began to rain, and he lost his road. At last he stopped his engine before a house that seemed to be a thousand miles from nowhere, and asked for quarters for the night. "*We haven't one vacant,*" said the owner of the house. It was raining harder and the shivering motorist pleaded. "*Well,*" said his host. "*You'll have to share the big room with two beds in it upstairs. There's a curtain between the two. If you're quiet, I guess no one will know.*" The automobilist gladly acquiesced and went upstairs while his host locked the door. Ten minutes later he rushed down with a yell, and nothing on but his B. V. Dees. "*Say!*" he panted. "*Did you know there was a DEAD woman in that room?*" His host looked at him calmly. "*Sure, I knew; but how the devil did you FIND out!*"

YE OLD Nude Leg Coverings are Going, Sister.

I. W. W.—Meaning "Independent Wild Women."

In the days of old, the young maidens used to say to the Knights:

"*Thou will fight for my honor.*"

And the young Knight would gallantly reply:

"*Well, if you think there is a chance of losing it, I will fight for it like it never was fought for before.*"

WE KNOW of a girl on Broadway who was getting fifty a week in the chorus and all she does is to shout, "Hip, Hip, Hurray!" She probably gets ten bucks for her "Hurray" and other forty is for her "HIPS."



TRY THIS on the VICTROLA

A CERTAIN quiet city has a lot of fun poked at it, for reasons of its alleged sleepiness. For instance, a dry-goods proprietor in the business was drowning in his store one day when a little girl walked in and asked for a nickel's worth of safety pins. The merchant yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then, in an injured tone, inquired: "Ain't there nobody in this town that sells diaper pins besides me?"

*Gentleman* (to poor girl on Madison Street, Chicago): "What would you do if I gave you a two-dollar bill?"

*Poor Girl*: "Get myself a new skirt, a hot bath and a dinner."

*Gentleman*: "Here's at ten-dollar bill; go and support yourself in luxury forever."

IN BALTIMORE, where the best hospital in the United States is located, a very young lady was undergoing an examination. The physician advanced toward her with something that looked like a cross between a microscope and a toast-fork. She asked what it was for. "To see down your throat with," replied the man of medicine. "You have no idea how far I can see with this instrument." Then it was that the lady got off the chair like a keg of dynamite. "Where are you going?" asked the physician in surprise. "I'm going down to Calvert Street for a new pair of stockings—there's a hole in one of these I'm wearing."

*Attorney*: "But you cannot get a divorce for desertion only. Was there no misbehavior?"

*Lady Client*: "Well, now I come to think of it, I don't believe our last child was his."

SHE'S THE CHIMNEY'S SMOKE!



**S**HE no speeka da English,  
That ees, no speeka much,  
But, oh! the cat's pajamas,  
She gotta da cleva touch.

**S**HE picka da ripa banana  
Offa da tree of life,  
She promise to keese manana,  
She take you away from  
your wife.

**S**HE was born up in the  
Bronnix,  
But her name, Carlotta  
Spagett—  
She go bathin' ina da ocean,  
But dat baby she not get  
wet.

CENSUS TIME IN HOLLAND

"Are you married?" inquired the census man.

"Oh, dear, no," blushing replied the little lady. "I've never even been married."

A HUNGRY man, who was dining at a hotel, shoveled the food into his mouth with his knife till he accidentally cut his mouth. A lady seated opposite was heard to remark: "I say, mister, don't cut that hole in your map any larger or we shall starve."

IF HE ONLY HAD 'EM

THE SCHOOL teacher in a California town told the boys to write an essay on what they would do if they had a million dollars. They all became busy, except little Jack. He sat calmly, doing nothing, twiddling his fingers and gazing idly at the flies on the ceiling. At the end of an hour the teacher collected the papers and handed little Jack a blank sheet. "What's the meaning of this, Jack? This is not your essay. All the other boys have written at least three sheets, while you have done nothing." "Well," replied Jackie, "That's what I would do if I had a million bucks."

IT'S MONKEY TIME ON THE BUM

A No. 1, Jr.: "Why don't you go up to the house—the dog's all right. Can't you see him waggin' his tail?"

*Weary Willie*: "Yes, I sees it; but he's growlin' at the same time, and I don't know which end to believe."

MAD DADDY

"Pa, will Ma go mad some day?"

"What a question! What do you mean?"

"Well, I heard her tell Mrs. Cox that she got badly bitten when she married you."

NO!  
 'T WAS NOT CHANCE  
 WHEN I MET YOU  
 THAT DAY IN LINCOLN PARK—  
 THAT CROSSED OUR PATHWAYS  
 AND MADE OF US TWO WHO  
 WERE LESS THAN FRIENDS  
 MORE THAN LOVERS—  
 NO, 'T WAS NOT CHANCE  
 BUT THE REAL FACT  
 REMAINS THAT A GIRL  
 WHO LIVED ON THE  
 OTHER SIDE OF THE  
 PARK HAD GIVEN ME  
 THE AIR.

#### TRY THIS WITH A HAIR-BRUSH

O FOR THE day when the Censor-man, who says your moving picture is obligato, et cetera, meets Mister Death, of Styx, F.O.B.

Oh, won't he holler when DEATH tells him to take off his Pantus, and leave the naughty Jurgen he has purloined behind! O, won't he!

*There are no Free Transfers on the Honeymoon Express.*

ANITA STEWART



Footling Her Own Horn

#### LONG HAIR AND SHORT TALES

LOTS OF US men spend oodles of time in looking for female beauties, but only a little of it finding them. That brings us to bobbed hair. Think of the things it conjures—cigarettes, a bottle of elderberry wine, a kiss and a cuddle in a dark spot, a more than unusually keen and somewhat candidly expressed knowledge of matters appertaining to sex. A girl with bobbed hair may be good, but in most cases she is highly intellectual or highly entertaining.

THERE IS A rakishness to bobbed hair that makes a man come home to his wife with ten dollars missing from his pay-envelope.

SOME FELLOWS hold the idea that a girl whose hair is bobbed is a good sport and ready at any time for a cup of coffee—if the bootlegger can't deliver his wares.

ONE FELLOW we know, who believed all this of bobbed-haired girls met a little lady of exceptional charm. Not until after he had wined and dined with her did he notice that her cropped hair was only a wig. For him she immediately ceased to be fair game.

"Then your hair isn't really bobbed?" he told her. "No," she agreed. "But isn't it a wonderful imitation?"

THIS GAVE him courage to proceed, somehow. AND THAT'S THAT ON BOBBED HAIR!

#### TEE'S TEETOTALLY TWISTED

TILLIE TATE taught the tango, toddling, tatting. Tuesday taught tambourine, trombone. Ted Trask took Tillie trekking, tobogganing, tackling tirelessly.

Ted told Tillie "twice told tale"; Tillie trusted Ted. Tommy Turner tantalized Tillie. Told Ted tattling tales—that Tillie turned traitor to Ted. Tuesday Ted took two trucks, ten tons tomatoes to Trenton to trade. Tillie tried tearful tactics. Ted took trolley to Tillie's, tackled Tom, thumping that traitor tempestuously.

Tom twiddled thumbs truculently. Terrified. Ted told Tom to travel. "Tricky, tinhorn tramp", taunted Ted. Tillie's tears told Ted the truth. . . . Telegraphed Trenton, then took train to Tabernacle together.

Then, tightly tied, they trekked to the tall timber. Tamales! Twins! That's that.

Toodle-oo!  
 Terminus.



**FLORENCE HUNTLEY**

☛ Says: "DON'T CLUTTER MY MIND." *She knows that she's the Bird's Chirp! This little Lady is a Broadway Celebrity*

(Portrait by Schwarz)

## TRUE STORIES from BROADWAY

"ONE STEP further, and I will plunge this dagger into my heart. Rather than submit to your hateful caresses I will seek the kindlier arms of Death! My honor is my honor!"

But that is applesauce now, and here's the "how" of the way they spout:

"Say, you Bimbo, d'yah know who you're foolin' with? Turn me loose. I'll give ou a smack on your old beer-trap . . . then try to laugh that off."



The Broadway Celebrity looked too good to be True. Her pearls looked too True for her to be Good.

## BEST BITS from "PASSING SHOW OF 1924"

New York's Glorious Revue

## WHY NOT CROSS THE DELAWARE

"GIVE ME five gallons of gas for Old Mayflower", joyfully sang the young Canadian gent as he rattled up to a Niagara Falls gasoline station in his much-used Ford.

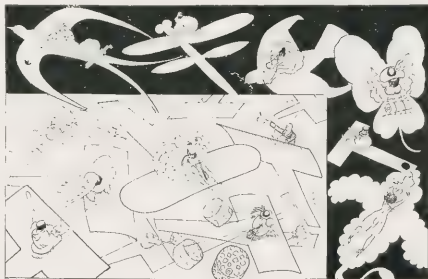
"Old Mayflower?" questioned the gas attendant. "I've heard Fords called many other names, but never Mayflower."

"Ah," explained the owner of the car, "you see a little Puritan came across in it last night."

"LIQUOR GULCH"  
LEAVES BEGIN  
TO FALL

1492—Autumn, War Dance of Indians, in red paint and feathers. Cost to produce: 2 quarts maze.

1942—Autumn Parade of Broadway's leading Chorines with rouge and half dozen feathers. Cost to produce: 100,000 quarts of Booze.



How Broadway Butterflies Wanted to Meet the Globe-Encircling Aviators!

Slang of the "Knights of the Round Table"  
One Knight sez to the other Knight:

"My Comrade, wouldst thou loan me a can opener. I have a flea in my night-clothes?"

Izzy had a date with the Queen of Sheba one night. Rushing down the street, he stepped plump on a man's foot. Izzy was so mad that he cracked out at the guy: "Say, Buddie, why in H—I don't you get your shoes shined, so that I can see where I am going?"

"MA" Ferguson will appear in the Movies. Her role will be: "It's Ballot Time in Cotton Land." "Ma" will have opposite her Thos. Jefferson, Jr.

Follies Facts Worth  
DRINKING

In 1920 production of automobiles was valued at almost two billions. Glimpse of FOLLIES CHORINE by getting into taxicab was two-bits less than that amount.



## A Tale of Broadway Nights

**L**ISTEN, my children, and you shall not hear the tale of Paul Revere, but that of Paul Revere, Jr. For that is what we'll call him.

ON DRINK GULCH, or any cognomen Broadway might be termed, he was, in the parlance, a SAP. In fact, as SAP goes, he was always running. Runnin' from the gals with the *GIMMES*.

IT WAS "Gimme This," from F——, of the Follies chorus-line; it was "Gimme That," from Sue, in a Midnight Revue; it was "Gimme It," from another Alabaster Queen, who reigned as host of a Roaring Forty Cabaret.

AND PAUL Revere gave. But still, his last episode showed he wasn't a SAP, and that is of the tale I'll whittle ye, of ye'll but take another shot of the old home-brew and set yourself down for a night of easy drinkin'.

*She Had a Nifty Sock*

**P**AUL REVERE, Jr., "made" a little dame who had a good-looking pair of props, and displayed little hosiery in one of the Revues. It was at the occasion of the opening of the Fall shows on Broadway. The Shubert boys were uncoupling a show, Dillingham another. Salaries were coming anew to the chorines after the summer's lay-off and slim Beach Pickins.

AT THE "IDLE MOMENT" a step from Drink Gulch, where chorus-girls and "SAPS"—middle-aged mummus and sweeties, jockeys and horsemen gathered—there Paul Revere made the grade. He signaled the little dame—Miriam Lambert—with his lamps. Three drinks later she left the place with her Hubby, by-the-way, and six cocktails later she returned—for Paul Revere, Jr.

"How he loves you," Paulus commented.

"Yes. It's boring sometimes, and now is one of the times," she told him.

UNDER THE dimmed lights they had a sample of bootleg. But after all, little Miss Miriam wanted love, and Paulus was willing!

AT THE parting: "*I must see you again. When?*"

Paul Junior was as insistent as the original Paul abanging a lantern in the North Church belfry of the Beanery town.

"*He never leaves me,*" she sighed.

"*I don't believe you want to see me again,*" Paul Revere, Jr., told her, somewhat hotly.

"*Oh, I do, I do!*" she whispered, with a voice rather husky that didn't fit with her chorus soprano.

"*Where do you live? Can't I telephone?*" She hesitated, then:

"*There is a Barber Shop in the basement. I'll send a note down when I'm alone. The Barber 'll 'phone ya.*"



☛ Signed Liquor for Broadway and Not a Boot-legger in Sight

### Slaughtered for Love

**E**VERY DAY he went to the Barber Shop, who by the way was from Seville, Spain. Paulus suffered his skin to be gashed by the 'Spic' for the sake of the girl upstairs. In a word, the SAP had begun to flow.

BUT PAUL, waited in vain. Each day followed another, like bald-headed men follow chorus girls.

HE WAS in the seat of shambles one day having

(Continued on page 31)



#### SOME OF THE LITTLE TROUBLES OF FALL

This is the time we need our eyes—each windy gust brings new  
surprise,  
The little girlies go prepared to have a slender ankle bared  
They know each man is there to see the fluffy bits of lingerie  
And to the windy corners come the hait, the lame, the deaf and  
dumb,  
Where girlies go parading by, to watch them pass, and heave a  
sigh.  
And when the fall comes, hot patootie, choose your cutie.  
Catcher blows 'em all about, so that's the time to pick 'em out

## OUR FLAPPER'S BEDTIME STORIES



DEAR CELESTINE:

Understanding you like music, I arsk you. I bought a second-hand saxophone, and when I try to play, some awfully Funny Noises come out. What can it be. **SOME NOTES LEFT THERE BY THE FORMER OWNER.**

**JIFFY PANTIES**—"Snap!—they're on. Snap! —they're off." The latest craze with Atlantic City boardwalkers.

*Some guys Think they are the Big Guns of an Office until They are Fired.*

O SAY, DON'T YOU KNOW

"Glad to meetya."

"Isn't the Moon Won'erful?"

"Jest one more, dearie—please?"

"Do you . . . ?"

"I do . . ."

"De-Da-Da-Da-Da."

"Wheninell do we eat?"



BAD IS GOOD

*Eat Nelson and Ad Wolgast were traveling on the same train years ago to a fight and the following conversation took place:*

"Hello, Ad, how you ban?"

"Not so good, my she have nine children."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so good, she got vun million dollars."

"Not so good, she vont spend it."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad, she got a fine house, I don't pay no rent."

"Dot's good."

"Not so good, the house—she burn down yesterday."

"Dot's bad."

"Not so bad, my wife, she ban burnt up in the fire."

"Dot's good."

"Yes, dot's good."

*Room', now."*

**THE YOUNG** Second Lieutenant, back from the Philippines on his return to a San Francisco bathing resort, met a little stage friend. "Well, well, he greeted her. "It's good to see you again. You're good for sore eyes. What ages it seems since I saw you in 'A Pair of Silk Stockings'."

"Yes," she murmured, in her best Broadway voice, "But I'm in 'The Next Room', now."

AS A PITCHER HE'S A FISH

**THE BROOKLYN** Robins, managed then as now by Your Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who is known everywhere as "Robbie", were training at Jacksonville, Fla. Among the recruits was a young left-handed pitcher from the "sticks" who kept pretty much to himself and held little intercourse with his fellow players. After he had been in camp the better part of a week he approached Ferdie Schupp, and asked:

"What town is this we're training in?"

Schupp looked at him in amazement for a moment and then replied:

"Why, Jacksonville, of course; but don't let Robbie hear you asking a question like that."

The youthful southpaw looked even dumber than usual and then asked:

"Who's Robbie?"

*SLIP THIS BETWEEN YOUR WHISKERS!*

O CAPTAIN, where are you with the proud ship  
down the bay?  
For the Judge has got his likker and Maud Muller's  
raking hay;  
'Twas a balmy summer's evening and the boys were  
stealin' beers,  
For a tramp of the U. S. A. lay dying in Algiers.

There was liquor in the city, in that quaint old  
Quaker town,  
And the streets were full of drunks, reeling up and  
down.  
Why did they do it? Will they do it,  
I wonder, if they make William Tell?

My sweetie don't like the country feller,  
For he didn't do right by our Nell.

O pet me sweet, a little sweeter, by the nine gods she  
swore—  
But the only way to pet her and live is like the  
Raven: "Never More."

'Twas the night before Santa Claus, and the Revenue  
Officers drank thick and fast.  
"WE ARE LOST," the bootleggers shouted, and they  
threw away the mast.

Give me a drink from the old Oaken Bucket, under  
Grandmother's arm-chair.  
A drink of that home-brew before I come up for air.

I stood on the bridge at midnight, under the Southern  
"Moon"—  
Father, oh, Father, come home with me now, for  
I'm to be  
Starred in a play called "A NIGHT IN A ROON."

*NIGHTY NETTIE*

It's a Nifty, natty Nightie,  
Which is nothing more than Net;  
It's a Nifty, natty Nighties,  
And a trifle Naughty—yet,  
Just the Nicest Things in nighties,  
If sweet Nettie's in the net.

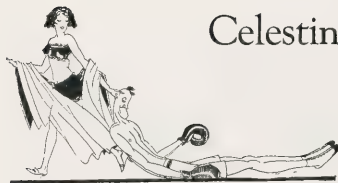
*A tramp who is going to the dogs usually keeps  
away from them.*

¶ *A Broadway Celebrity Now in Europe—She can  
Come Home Anytime to See Us.*



¶ *DORA DUBAY*





# Celestine Vichy

## SOCKS

### The Ballot

#### ELECTION TIME !!

THAT MAKES me think of the political convention in Madison Square Garden when ballot goulash was hashed. To crash the gate in this ballot abattoir was Hot Peppers, and no cream in my coffee, either.

JUST BECAUSE I know my stuff, and never ask favors, that doesn't mean I can't get into places without turning loose my baby vamp smile.

ALL KNOW THAT tickets to the Convention were scarcer than olive-trees in Alaska. So I donned my smartest nude hose and a new bonnet, but it didn't jar the seegar from the mouth of the Ticket Committee, himself.

NOW, I HAVE crashed worse gates than the Garden, even if it was surrounded by half a thousand sons of Bulls. Twicet I tried to enter the Bastille of Rickard, but I returned with all my rouge wiped off, and a heel of a satin slipper down for the count.

'Twas THEN, "ribs" and, readers, I darn near caused the Convention to lose electing a candidate. I made so much commotion I 'spect William Jennings Bryan couldn't have done worse if he was caught with a bottle of Budweiser in his hand.

I commandeered one of the aviators, who sings, "Comin' Thru the Rye", in nightly flights to Montreal for a dozen cases of Canadian Rye.

LEAVING OUR LANDING place which, for the convenience of Hoboken cops, was somewhere in New Jersey, we flew over the Hudson River and then dropped through the air, almost hitting a bronze miss named Diana, who was on top of the building. Say, we came so close to her the breeze from our propeller blew the ladies' undies off. But we didn't stop—not us—until right over the center of the Garden—and then dropped—down—down—through the glass sky-

light and all—through the only Pine Plank in the platform—we dropped a nice, juicy brick.

THAT HALTED the leader of ceremonies. Everything was hushed.

THEN THE CHAIRMAN nervously juggled a mouthful of water, exhaled and, like a guy who has seen a ghost, in a commanding voice, exclaimed to the nearest sergeant-at-arms:

"LET GATE-CRASHING CELESTINE IN. She has just sent in her calling card ! !

Someone told me not to hit her too hard, she's got a Widowed Mother.

WHEN  
A MAN  
FINDS OUT  
THAT THE WOMAN  
IS NOT AN ANGEL  
HE TRIES TO FIND OUT  
TO WHAT EXTENT SHE ISN'T





### BLAME IT ON THE DEVILS

WHEN THEY wear clothes to their knees,  
Or have them slit so that the breeze  
Flings them about, this way and that,  
THEY ask: "what are you looking  
at?"

They tantalize us with a little glimpse,  
These delicious, little, darling imps,  
THEN ask: "What are you lamping?"  
After all their obvious vamping!

The cunning things, know very well  
That a man will follow them to hell—  
When lovely woman boards a trolley  
And shows a roll-top sock, by golly.

### THE LOVE YOU BUY

THE greatest blame in this world  
shame,  
Is "the love you buy."  
The wages of sin is black chagrin!  
For shamel cry!

A HANK of hair, a vacant stare,  
A heart grown old, affection cold—  
That's what you buy.

THOUGH she looks sweet and tame,  
like the moth and the flame,  
There is passion in her soul.  
So, never pay, though your hair turn  
gray,  
For "the love you buy."  
—Nad Rekab.



MEN-FOLKS, you'll think  
you're been imbibing the  
old corn hooch you've hidden  
away. Girls, you'll need to keep  
your hair down, when you read  
what's in the TURKEY NUM-  
BER of FOLLIES. Girls, are  
you a Hazel-Nut? Use that in  
your Dressing. Then ask me  
no questions and I'll let you in  
on the low-down of how, why  
and where. Order with your  
Ice Cream for a TURKEY  
Sundae. Y'know, Adam fell,  
and if you want a new line of  
chatter, gather in the Leaves  
about your Sheik when the Big  
Baboon begins to GOBBLE for  
HIS TURKEY DRESSING.

### WHEN IS A MAN A MAN?

WHEN HE CAN look out over the rivers, the  
hills, and the far horizon with a profound  
sense of his littleness in the vast scheme of things,  
and yet have faith, hope and courage. When he  
knows that down in his heart every man is as noble,  
as vile, as divine, as diabolic, and as lonely as himself,  
and seeks to know, to forgive and to love his fellow-  
man. When he knows how to sympathize with men  
in their sorrows, even in their sins—knowing that  
each man fights against many odds. When he has  
learned how to make friends and to keep them, and  
above all how to keep friends with himself. When  
he loves flowers, can hunt birds without a gun, and  
feels the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears  
the laugh of a little child. When he can be happy  
and high-minded amid the meaner drudgeries of life.  
When the star-crowned trees and the glint of sun-  
light on flowing waters subdue him like the thought  
of one much loved and long dead. When no voice of  
distress reaches his ears in vain, and no hand seeks

his aid without response. When  
he finds good in every faith that  
help man lay hold of divine things  
and sees majestic meanings in life,  
whatever the name of that faith  
may be. When he can look into  
a wayside puddle and see some-  
thing beyond mud, and into the  
face of the most forlorn fellow  
mortal and see something beyond  
sin. When he knows how to pray,  
how to love, how to hope. When  
he has kept faith with himself,  
with his fellow man, with his God;  
in his hand a sword for evil, in his  
heart a bit of a song—*glad to live,  
but not afraid to die!*

### TAKE DRESSING WITH YOUR TURKEY NUMBER



# Rialto Cracks

## TELL THAT TO YOUR BABY GRAND

*Customer:* "I wish you would show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue serge suit."

*Shopwalker:* "With pleasure, but she's just gone out for a bite to eat."

*Broadway Burglar:* "Don't shoot, don't shoot"

*Flat Tenant:*  
"On one condition—that you tell me how you got in without waking my wife!"

## COOKY!

### COOKY!

"Cook, I want you to remember that eggs are best when laid in a cool place."

"Right you are, Madam; I'll mention it to the chickens."

## OKAY THIS

"Will you be true to me when I'm gone?"

"Of course. Don't be gone long."

## SHINER

"Who gave you that black eye, Bill?"

"No one gave it to me; I had to fight for it."

## MODERN MAID

"Simms just got engaged to a widow."

"You don't say. Where did he meet her?"

"He didn't; she overtook him."

*The Latest Song Hit—"The Girl I Left Behind Me,"*  
BY LOUEY FIRPO.

Lots of love letters come from the fountain pen and not from the heart.

Mamma loves papa, and 'papa loves wimmen.

*A little song entitled: "She Used to be a School Teacher, But She Has No Class Now."*

*After seeing the Wills-Firpo fight, we realize that the only foe to successfully box Dempsey is the undertaker.*

*Definition of a Middle-aged Man: Time of life he installs twin beds so he can read himself to sleep.*



QUEENIE SMITH

¶ In "Be Yourself" at Klaw Theater, New York

Sock a lady in the eye, and flit to Roosia, where you can divorce 'em quicker than you can say "Jack

Rabbit," and then charge you the price of a ham sandwich for it.

☛ *It FOOLED ME, TOO!*

(As Is)



## *Like Hell She Did*

**T**HERE was a Kid in our town who was demure and slick,  
And when she wanted any chap, she lured him double-quick.  
Her fame spread to the other bergs; strange lads would come to  
see her!

Who brought along mixed candy, and hampers of near-beer.

**SHE'D TAKE** the goods—give them the laugh, for them she had no pity.  
One day she packed her seven trunks and motored to the City.  
She got a job as chorus girl, where she could show her charm;  
And started in to vamp the men—in this she saw no harm.

**SHE MADE** a hit. Men gathered 'round and eagerly besought her,  
And pearls and precious stones and silken socks they bought her.  
But then one day began to pall—she went to Hollywood,  
Where dwelt the Stars in tranquil peace—where men were pure and  
good.

**IN HOLLYWOOD**, which once was calm and orderly and quiet,  
She started in to show the girls that she could start a riot.  
She did; men fell for her who fell for no darn queen—  
For men out there eschewed the fair and kept a level bean.

**THEY BOUGHT** her wealth and motor cars, and kept them at her  
door.

But "Gimmel!" was her watchword, and she kept on saying "More!"  
So years went by, replete with wealth and silks and jewels rare,  
She sighed for something, knew not what, just knew it wasn't there.

**ONE DAY** a letter came to her—'twas from a home-town boy—  
And it filled her with emotion and gave her untold joy.  
So to the Old Home Town she sped, to be a town hick's wife,  
And Hollywood reverted to its quiet, peaceful life.

## *SHE'S A TOTAL WASHOUT*

**A** GIRL I knew by the name of Rye,  
Who lives down on our street,  
Some wedded bliss she thought she'd try.  
So she married a guy named Wheat.

As they walked down the old church aisle,  
As happy as could be,  
What the organ played made all hands  
smile,  
"Oh, what will the harvest be?"

## *SHUFFLE YOUR GUITAR*

An Athletic Girl of Dunbar  
In bed used to play a guitar.  
She married a man,  
Who to kiss her began—  
But she said: "LET ME FINISH THIS BAR!"

A Bootlegger's life is free from care?  
He finds cash customers everywhere.



☛ *GETTING INTO HER  
"STEP-INS"*



## Between the Pages of Hollywood



### HOLLYWOOD PUTS IT ON AND OFF

FALL FASHIONS are being followed by the sexes. Won't be long before folks are asking: "*Is she a him?*" and "*Is he a her?*"

ON THE Hollywood Boulevards girls are making a clean *Breast* of clothing habits. What the girls are removing from their chests the boys are putting on. All the while the female of the species is as bare as Gunga Din (almost) to scramble Kipling.

"PLATONIC Friendship be dam-ed!" said a Sheik of Hollywood. "It is like being asked to a dinner-party and having only ginger-ale."

\* \* \*

### HIGH LIGHTS FROM HOLY HOLLYWOOD

(As Told by the Extra Girls)

"THERE ISN'T any girl so good that she wants to be told she's safe."

\* \* \*

"My partner dances, first on one foot and then on the other, and both of them are mine."

\* \* \*

"Every Woman will Cry for the Moon at some time or another."

\* \* \*

"Tom's a good lad—always after a skirt—but it's no use listening to Nature on \$25 a week."

"We women are enough advanced nowadays to share with men interests that have nothing to do with love."

"Us well-dressed women are capable of using a check-book a week."

"I'm a one-man woman looking for a one-woman man."

"It's the men who understand women who don't marry them."

"My color is not the result of a good night's sleep, but a good morning's makeup."

### WHAT THE DIARY OF AN EXTRA GIRL DOES NOT MENTION

*Monday Morning*—Arrived in Los Angeles from farm. Spent last nickel on way. Met nice street-car conductor. Got a free ride to Hollywood.

*Monday Noon*—Met nice cafeteria man. Got free lunch. Discovered hole in my shoe.

*Monday Evening*—Dined with refined hotel clerk. Loaned me use of spare room.

*Tuesday Morning*—Must get fixed for trip to Studios. Had breakfast with dear man-milliner. He was right. I did need new hat.

*Tuesday Afternoon*—Had tea with a movie director. Am going right back to Kansas !!

O SISTER, art thou seeking the new "love scarf" being worn in Holy Hollywood? By any other name they are oblong silk handkerchiefs worn around the shoulders and bordered with the photograph of the wearer's "sweetheart".



WHAT THE EXTRA GIRLS DO IN SPARE TIME

ATTIC RAMBLINGS

DURING the past Summer the Squire of Greenwich Village complained that cows had to be milked in the Dark. Our enterprising Mayor, however, makes Light of the difficulty by stating that next Summer he'll have the pump-handles painted with a phosphorescent solution.

It is good Advice to tell the Garbage Man you don't want Any.

When you think you've got a new girl, the lady in question probably couldn't look a second-hand dealer in the face.

Let's thank heaven that the girls aren't what they used to be, but what they are today.

Every man plays the fool once in life, but to marry is to play the fool all one's life.

Half the girls who get married catch their man when he isn't half responsible.

Women put on their snappiest rags to please the men folks and tease the women folks.

Bachelors are never thinking of anything but some girl or another.

Why is it that a girl hollers when a crab pinches her big toe, but says nothing when a lobster squeezes her waist?

I had Sadie Plunkett, the singer, on my radio last night.

That's nothing—I had Virginia Tooney, the chorus girl, on my lap!

A favorite Fruit is a Date with a Peach. WHAT IS YOURS?

They say money talks. Gee whizz, all it ever Said to some of us was: "Goodby."

Man wants but little here below; but Woman wants everything a little below Cost.

It is sometimes better to have loved and lost than be the Other Fellow.

It is a Dirty Shame sez the Chinese laundryman.

WHEN A LADY POSES — AND MAN DISPOSES —  
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



LET'S TRADE, SADIE!

Sadie, the Artist's Model of Greenwich Village, who protests that she's sick of sitting to a man for hours, with nothing on, and being noticed no more than if she were a dummy

DEAR, DEAR!

PHYLLIS, I am over fifty,  
That is elderly, I fear.  
Therefore do not think me thrifty  
If I give you some near-beer!  
And deny you just one teeny  
Little drop or dry Martini!

When in future I escort a  
Damsel to the dancing floor,  
I shall give her seltzer water,  
Absolutely nothing more!  
For her life I must not wreck  
With a dose of Horse's Neck!



# Catfishtown Catcalls

A SIGN IN CATFISHTOWN

## THANKS FOR THE JITNEY

You are now a Member of  
THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF SUCKERS  
The Nickel will be Used to Put Silencers on Soup  
Spoons—Don't Get Sore—PASS It Along

## MOSE IS THE CAMEL'S KIMONA

MOSE GREENHOUSE was the colored champion of Law and Order in Catfishtown. One night, while he was in the midst of his Rounds in the Crawfish Section, he met a befuddled gentleman of color, looking around on the sidewalk.

"What fo' yo' looking', man?" questioned Mose.

"Lookin' fo' mah time-tick, MISTAH LAW," returned the inebriated one.

*S'whea did yo' all lose yo' watch?"*

"Lost mah watch two blocks down the street; yas, suh."

"Then, why ah yo' lookin' fo' a losted watch ovah heah?"

The inebriated gentleman scratched his face. "Well, LAW MAN, suh, it's jest a plain case ob dere bein' mo' LIGHT ovah HEAH!"

## 'NOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WET

Employer: "Well, Mose, you have helped me here in the business a long time, and I want to give you something for your Birthday that will be Useful and that you may also Enjoy—but—Prohibition Times—you know our line is furniture—hum—which would you prefer, a ton of coal or some Good Whiskey?"

Mose (after some serious thinking): "Boss, Ah alway' Burns Wood, alway'.

*I heard him mutter strangely as he wandered down the lane:*

*"I want my bit of body, and I'll have it once again."*

*I followed him a good half mile, although I'm not so brave,*

*Till I made sure he was ghoul and out to rob a grave!*

DOWN IN Catfishtown there is a New Colored Washer-Lady. She's got her cards Out and Everything. We're not Advertising Her, but this is Her CARD:

MISS MARSHALL, FAMILY LAUNDRESS

Will be Home at 7:30

References Good

*Washing a Specialty*

## TOOT TOOT RELATION

R ASTUS, the Chocolate-colored Sheik of Catfishtown, Fell in Love with Nanacy Lee, whose mother took in washing down by the Bayou. One day while Talking to his Dad he said: "Pop, yo' all know ah hubs Nancy Lee, and Ah does want to marry her, uh huh. What yo' all think 'bout dat?"

"No, no, son, yo' can't marry Nancy Lee, That gal is a Half-sister of yo's."

Heartbroken Rastus decided to live by himself, and took a job picking cotton at Natchez, up the river. He soon met another pretty high-yaller named Daisy Brown. He fell quickly in love with Miss Daisy, and told her that he loved her and wanted to marry her. He hurried home quickly and told his Dad that he Fell in Love up the river with a gal named Daisy Brown, and that he wanted to marry her. Again his Father said:

"No, no, son, yo' can't Marry her. She's a Half-sister of yo's!"

Heartbroken, he went to his mother for consolation, and told his Mother the reasons his Dad laid down for him not being able to marry Nancy Lee or Daisy Brown. Whereuon his mother replied:

"Don' yo' all Worry, baby mine, yo' can Go ahead and do as yo' sees fit. HE ain't No relation of yo's, No How."

CELESTINE VICHY SINGS IT

"Be it ever so humble, there's no form like your own."

Like the Salvation Army, the only Place to Assist Fallen Women is in the Skating Rink.

Hollywood, where the best that's Bootlegged comes by Airplane and Truck from Mexico—Fresh Every Hour.

HALF HOLIDAY ON THIS

She wore one of those Garter watches, and He simply could not Pass the Time.

A young widow looks upon her first kiss from a Bachelor as the Beginning; but it indicates his Finish.

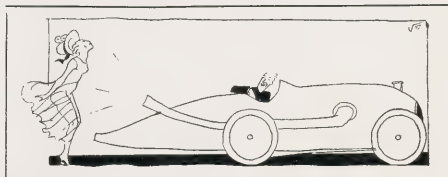
Names Rolled in a "Crap" Game in Catfishtown: Little Phoebe, Big Joe, Little Ben, Big Dick from Boston, Mister Eighter from Decatur.

WITH THE RACERS AT INDIANAPOLIS



The wind it blows their dresses high,  
And dust gets in each racer's eye,  
But what's the difference, they've  
the dough?  
And where the money is the wise  
Dames go.

OUT under the Indianapolis stars  
They're speeding in their racing  
cars,  
And when the last swift race is run  
The girls are there to share the fun.



Wall street advices show that American Can stock is rising. This ought to make the price of Fords advance.

No matter how Low the Thermometer Falls, it's never Vulgar.

We would rather have two sox on our feet than one of Jack Dempsey's socks on our jaw.

Celestine's excuse for staying up late nights is that she is sowing her wild radioats.

Never attempt to sleep—in a strange folding-bed.  
You are apt to get caught!

'Black Sheep, Black Sheep—how'd yer lose yer pull?"

"Her ol' man overheard me—fillin' her with Bull!"

NO OTHER than Tommy Meighan of Hollywood dropped into the Village the other day and asked the Squire at the Postoffice if he had some mail for him.

AT THE AQUARIUM, New York, the suckers now play where Jenny Lind Once Sang and the Fishies Still Slobber s of Yore.



ORIGINAL MUSIC BOX REVUE

## HEADS HE SEES HIM

BILL WAS interested in Phrenology. You know—the fellows who read bumps on your head after Firpo puts 'em there. Bill was trying to make a date with a certain well-known Phrenologist, but couldn't catch him. One day the Phreno told him that he could see him on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, but didn't know when he would be able to arrange it again. Bill was worried because he had a date with his flapper, so he called her up and explained. "Well," she said, "that's easy. If you want to see me, come on up. If you want to see your old Phrenologist, go see him." "No, that won't do," said Bill. "I had a previous engagement with you and I won't break it unless you say so." "Oh, well," said the lady, "if that's the way you feel about, why don't you toss a coin?"

HE TOOK her hand and gently pressed,  
Her fingertips' pink tints.  
She did not resent it—  
She knew that he meant it—  
Just to get her fingerprints.

*Woman wants but litte Hair,  
But wants that Little Bobbed.*

LISTEN TO THIS WHILE  
YOU ROLL 'EM

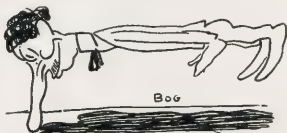
LIGHTNING flashed and thunder roared. Heavy seas broke the good ship asunder, and Ole and Christine found themselves upon a desert island. They couldn't find their clothes. Therefore they thought it best that Ole would live on one side of the island and Christine on the other. Night was falling. Christine shivered as she looked at the palm trees. She huddled close to a rock when she heard the night-birds scream in passage, and the wild animals roar in the nearby jungles. She thought of poor Ole. How frightened he must be! So she navigated to Ole. When she found Ole he said:

*"What's yuh got, snuff!"*

Christine: *"No, sleeping powders."*

*Eat, drink and be gay,  
Banish all worry and sorrow,  
Laugh gaily to-day,  
Weep, if you're sorry, to-morrow!*

THERE was a lady of Haverhill  
Who used to sit out on the windowsill.  
She adopted this pose,  
For it showed lots of Hose,  
And it gave all the youths quite a thrill



1

HE "NOES SOMETHING"



# RUMBLING RAMBLES OF MARRIAGE

Oh! I've a wife or two  
In Timbuctoo  
But what do I care about 'em:  
And I've children, too,  
Yes, quite a few,  
Who called me father, pro tem.

Cinch: "The mayor of Loving place sure is a clever son-of-a-gun."

Hiff: "Yeh? How come?"

Clinch: "He was trying to convince me that Custer's Last Stand was a fruit establishment."

—N. Y. Medley.

**W**HEN the Artists and Models, the Poets, the Batik Makers of Greenwich Village commence to lay plans on how few clothes they can wear at a Dance, without Getting Pinched, then you can bet your girl's petticoat that it's to be some clothes take-off. It's the **PLAYBOY'S** Annual frolic at Webster Hall. The Squire will be on hand, if he can get away from his milking, so will the Mayor of the Village if his likker runs dry. Everyone who amounts to over two quarts of whiskey and can carry it like a gentleman will tote his load to the Hall. Woos of artist's Models will be on hand fresh from their posing, alluring subjects in Siren Poses. Some will wear—but you and I are interested in what's coming off! The date is October 17. So knock wood 'till then.

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## TO DEM DICE

'TAINT no use ob gabbin',  
Grab dem moneys' lift dem dice,  
Soon the cops 'll be nabbin'  
All ob us — come on—get wise!

SEWANEЕ f'r me if ahm busted  
Ah knows who all cleaned de pot  
If de crap game 'ud lasted  
Sho 'nuff would a won like as not.

KEEP dat coin, ah ain't beggin'  
Dem's de tings wat makes a man,  
Fo' ah knows ah should ob had  
Followed de advice ob mah yaller Ann.

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# Hot Dogs from the Campus

## NOT IMPRESSED BY MAGNATES

Those who associate daily with the great are not so deeply impressed, perhaps, as others. A young man with a message for a magnate was compelled to wait twenty minutes in the outer office. The magnate wasn't doing anything, and the messenger knew it. Finally he was admitted and welcomed with a frown. "Well, sir, what is it? Time is money; time is money." "I have here a card from my boss, Mr. Gottalot. He wants you to squander about \$8,000 worth on the golf links this afternoon."

—Exchange.

## FINESSE

"Did you make these biscuits, my dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, dearie?"

"Because, angel dear, you are too light for such heavy work."

—Cougar's Paw.

## GIVE HIM TIME

Corinne: "I love he-men."

Oswald: "Don't get impatient; we're nearly home."

—S. Cal. Wampus.

## MUTUAL

He: "Do you know, dear, why I ordered angel cake for you?"

She: "Probably for the same reason that I ordered lemon for you."

—Amherst Lord Jeff.



TRIFLE TWISTED

He had been married about a year and had taken to spending his evenings downtown with the boys. One night his conscience worried him. So he called his wife up. "Hello, Kid," he began, "say, slip on some old clothes and run down to meet me on the quiet. We'll have a good dinner and then we'll get a machine and smear a little red paint around. How about it?" "I'll be delighted to join you, Jack, but why not come on up here and get me? There's nobody home!" As the husband's name was Tom, he now spends his evenings at home.

—Lehigh Burr.



## WHAT A WHOLE OF A DIFFERENCE

"Of course, I'm taking you with me, girlie!" His voice, emanating from his bedroom, aroused his landlady, who came and stood breathlessly before his door. "You've been with me always and I'll never forsake you. Why, you've sungled near at football games and you've wrapped yourself around me in the back seats of Rent-A-Fords." His landlady tried the door, but found it locked. "And so you think that I would leave you, old girl? I'll need you on cool summer nights. We'll lie down together." His landlady broke the door in and found the boy packing his WOOLEN BLANKET.

—Iowa Frivol.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, Apparently for water; They stayed away Throughout the day, And she, the parson's daughter!

—Mercury.

## D'EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

"But?"

"No."

"Just?"

"No."

"Once?"

"No."

"Please?"

"No."

"X X X"

"Oh, Jack, why didn't you shave?"

—U. of Buffalo Bison.



(Continued from page 15)

his skin butchered anew, when in skidded Miriam with a note.

"Please give this to Revere," she told him.

Before he could remove the lather from his face, she was gone. Paul Revere read the note, which read: *COME this afternoon.*

"This is urgent," Revere told the Barber from Seville. "Can't wait to be shaved today." Revere jumped from the chair, seized his hat and a bottle of barber's tonic, and bolted upstairs.

She was waiting for Junior with a mouthful of kisses, et cetera. Then the doorbell rang. Miriam peeped through the keyhole, and whispered, "It's the Barber."

They embraced again, then leaped apart at a new voice.

"What in Hell are ya doin' here?" growled somebody.

Miriam became pale. "Good Lord; that's my Hubby!"

"Quick, follow me," commanded the resourceful woman.

She led him into the bathroom. "Get in there," she pointed to the bathtub. Paul got in by curling up, then rolled over in the short space. The damned bottle of hair tonic broke. She covered him with a plank.

Not until then did she open the front door.

"This man says you have a man here," Revere heard hubby's bright remark.

Hubby searched the sitting-room, bedroom, opened cupboards and looked under the bed. Revere heard him open the bathroom door and close it.

"Get away with you. There is no man here!" said the Husband to the Barber from Seville.

"Say, Fella, I tell you there is. I can smell my 'Dandruff-Hair Restorer.'"

Revere heard the approaching footsteps, then removal of the boards from the bath-top.

He heard no more. He waited no longer. Neither time nor tide delayed him.

In one leap he was out, through the door, and heading for the street.

Miriam has never seen Revere since; Broadway no longer knows the SAP.

From that day to this, the Barber from Seville bewails the SAP who owes him for his bottle of "DANDRUFF-HAIR RESTORER."

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